

In Recital

Program

George F. Handel (1685-1759)

Care Selve, Aura Grate

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Fairest Isle (King Arthur)

Music For a While (Oedipus)

I Attempt From Love's Sickness (The Indian Queen)

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Maledetto sia l'aspetto

Eri gia tutta mia

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Ah! Cruel Nymph

Now that the Sun Hath Veil'd His Light

(An Evening Hymn on a Ground)

Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)

Paratum Cor Meum, Deus

Ich Werde Nicht Sterben

Jolaine Kerley - Soprano

John Brough - Harpsichord

Ondrej Golias - Bassoon

Sheldon Person - Violin

Maya Rathnavalu - Violin

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta



Translations

Care selve, aure grate (Dear forests, kindly breezes)

Recit

Dear forests, kindly breezes, grasses and flowers who my bitter complaints, companions of my sorrow yes you often hear, all tell Clori again, if of anything but her I speak or reason, and how faithful I am to her love.

Aria

Tell, tell Clori again, grasses and flowers, if I feel anything but fire in my heart.
If I do not gaze upon her, I cry and sigh, and my lament is born of love.

Recit

If I could change my old, usual form, oh! How many times, oh! How many times into leaf, into pebble into flower I would change, at least I could kiss, trampled even, her charming soles, and in those beautiful hands, transformed into leaf of flower, I would find love.

Aria

There is no room in my heart for other affection, other beauty.
The soul that loves does not understand fickle infidelity.

Maledetto sia l'aspetto (Cursed by the aspect)

Cursed by the aspect which fires me, sad that I am.
Since I feel guilty torment, since I die without relief from my lonely passion for you.
Cursed by the aspect which fires me, sad that I am.

Cursed by the dart which wounds me and I don't die.
Thus desires my sun, thus does she long for it. She who knows what I can do if I want to do it.
Cursed by the dart which wounds me and I don't die.

Wicked lady, my death, do you want me to be wounded,
You who take pleasure in my ardour, you want me to suffer. When I will faint, I will die here, O Cruel day.
Wicked lady, my death, do you want me to be wounded?

Eri gia tutta mia (You were at one time all mine)

You were at one time all mine, mine whose soul and whose heart you bestowed upon me, you avert a new trap of love.
O beauty, O bravery, O admirable constant one, where are you?

You are the sun for me, those beautiful eyes, laughing, turn for me to gold, your hair blowing in the wind,
O happy flight, O firmness of heart, where are you?

The rejoicing in my countenance, ah, you who no longer look. I sing, I laugh, and talk of martyrs.
O lost hopes, O concealed pity, where are you?

You were at one time all mine, you are no more, no more, Ah, you are no longer mine.

**Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
(That glance, disdainful)**

That glance, disdainful, vivid, and menacing; that poisonous dart flies to wound my breast. Beauties for which I am all a fire and divided against myself, wound me with your look, but restore me with your smile.

Eyes, arm yourselves with cruelest rigour, pour out my heart a shower of sparks, but let your lips be quick to revive me when I am dead. Let that look wound me, but that smile restore me.

Lovely eyes, take up your weapons, I bare my breast for you. Take pleasure in wounding me that at last I may be brought low, and if I remain conquered by your darts, let those glances wound me, but that smile restore me.

**Paratum Cor Meum
(O God, my heart is fixed)**

O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise, even with my glory. Awake, psaltery and harp: I myself will awake early. I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people: and I will sing praise unto thee among the nations.

**Ich Werde Nicht Sterben
(I Shall not die, but live)**

I shall not die, but I shall live and give praise unto the Lord.
The snares of Death surround me, the pangs of hell laid hold on me, I suffered in distress and need.
But I called upon the name of the Lord: "O Lord, deliver my soul!"
And the lord has answered me and sustained me in all my needs.

With Appreciation

*Special Thanks to Ondrej Golias for realizing the figured bass for Handel's
"Care Selve"
and to Mrs. Attedemo for providing the translation*

*A big thanks to Dr. Leonard Ratzlaff for his time and coaching for this
concert*

*Everyone is welcome to join us for drinks and food at Jolaine's house
following this concert (11410 74th AV)*